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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

The weary teacher sat alone
While twilight gathered on;
And not a sound was heard around,
The boys and girls were gone.

The weary teacher sat alone,
Unnerved and pale was he;
Bowed 'neath a yoke of care, he spoke
In sad soliloquy:

"Another round, another round
Of labor throw away—
Another chain of toil and pain
Dragged through a tedious day.

"Of no avail is constant zeal,
Love's sacrifice is loss,
The hopes of morn, so golden, turn,
Each evening, into dross.

"I stand on a barren field,
My strength, my life, my all;
The seeds I sow will never grow,
They perish where they fall."

He sighed, and low upon his hands
His aching brow he prest;
And then his frame ere long there came
A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face
But started back again;
The room by strange and sudden change
Assumed proportions vast.

It seemed a Senate hall, and one
Addressed a listening throng;
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
Applause rose loud and long.

The wildered teacher thought he knew
The speaker's voice and look,
"And for his name," said he, "the same
Is in my record book."

The stately Senate hall dissolved,
A church rose in its place,
Wherein there stood a man of God,
Dispersing words of grace.

And though he spoke in solemn tone,
And though his hair was gray
The teacher's thought was strangely wrought
"I whipped that boy to-day."

The church, a phantasm, vanished soon;
What saw the teacher then?
In classic gloom of alcoved room,
An author piled his pen.

"My idlest lad!" the teacher said,
Filled with a new surprise—
"Shall I behold his name enrolled
Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home
The teacher now descried;
A mother's face illumed the place
Her influence sanctified.

"A miracle! a miracle!
This matron; well I know,
Was but a wild and careless child,
Not half an hour ago.

"And when she to her children speaks
Of duty's golden rule,
Her lips repeat, in accents sweet,
My words to her at school."

The scene was changed again, and lo,
The schoolhouse rose and shone;
Upon the wall did darkness fall,
The evening air was cold.

"A dream!" the sleeper, waking, said
Then paced along the floor,
And, whistling slow and soft and low,
He locked the schoolhouse door.

And walking home, his heart was full
Of peace and trust, love and praise;
And singing slow and soft and low,
He murmured, "After many days."

W. H. VENABLE.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

Jimmy Ewart, was in a tight place. He was cabin boy on the Hesper, and his delight was to employ toward his mates language intolerable from one so much younger in years and so much lower in status.

To-day he had started to hurl fresh insolence at Joe Symond when the latter had some leisure moments. And Joe had decided to make this insult the last of a long series, and to avenge himself for the whole.

"Here, Ben," he shouted, "help me to hunt and hide this brat."

Ben readily combined in the good work. Jimmy regarded the combination with derision. He had often backed his youth against their years, his fleetness against their flabbiness. And always with success. But this time by a strategical blunder he allowed himself to be cut off from the pier, and in an instant the Philistines were upon him.

With touching delicacy Joe and Ben carried their victim in behind a pile of cargo. They were both fathers, and familiar with old-fashioned methods of discipline. And so, for his ultimate good and their own immediate satisfaction, they chastened Jimmy Ewart in that vigorous intimate way which is supposed to be the monopoly of parenthood.

"Now, see if that will make you mend your manners," said Joe, reluctantly ceasing his exertions. "You're a puffed disgrace to your seat, the way you jaw your betters. Don't you look like that at us or we'll give you it all over again, you ungrateful little beast. And I hope you'll begin to be a good boy after this."

Jimmy's looks gave no encouragement to Joe's hope. By strength of pride he suppressed his tears. The humiliation of punishment was great, but he knew it would please

his foes to see him weep. And he was resolved they should enjoy no pleasure he could deny them. With much supplementary advice, therefore, the victors withdrew, leaving Jimmy sullenly silent.

Joe Symond and Ben Lister were boon companions, and that evening they left the ship together. Their objective was the Blue Boar, a familiar tavern whose landlord kept good beer and an accommodating "tick" list.

Had the two sailors looked back they would have seen a boy in the poop of the Hesper shaking his fist wildly after them. The threats Jimmy Ewart was making would have curdled the blood of even those braves and blackguards whose vocabulary he was unconsciously using, and the record of whose deeds formed his sole literature.

An hour later, when the sun was setting prettily over Deansferry Pier, a stranger approached and halted before the Hesper. He was a little man with a soft voice.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said, politely. "I'm out of work, and have had bad luck to-day; but as I am a barber, I thought I might be able to do a little business with you. If you like, I'll shave and haircut each of you for a penny a piece. It isn't trade prices. But my excuse is my extremity. Any offers, gentlemen?"

There were four of the Hesper crew on board, not including Jimmy. Each was shock-haired and stubble chinned. The local barber's charge was fourpence. Here was a chance to transfer threepence from toilet to tavern expenses, a chance to combine philanthropy with thrift.

"Hop aboard, my man," said Harry Lewis. "I have a feeling heart, and I'm ready to do a kind deed when I can."

The others had all equally feeling hearts—and economic instincts. Serviceable scissors and a razor were secured, and the tonsorial artist began. Each man passed by turn into the chair and was dexterously shorn. Then, with evident delight and many elaborate flourishes, the little man passed the sharp, glittering razor over the throat of each, leaving it smooth as a woman's. It was certainly dirt-cheap at one penny.

When he finished, the vagrant barber took adieu of his patrons with many expressions of gratitude and esteem. Then jingling his four coppers, he marched up the pier and was seen no more.

When Joe and Ben returned, late and liquored, from the Blue Boar, they were irritated by accounts of the bargain they had missed. Ben contented himself with expressing contempt for men who had so traded on a fellow mortal's poverty for their own sordid advantage; while Joe remarked that, so far as he could see, the shearing process had only served to reveal with greater distinctness the native ugliness of the lucky ones.

Both then turned in secretly chagrined that they had not been present to enjoy the privilege they were affecting to despise.

On the following day, two powerful-looking men interviewed Tom Fairley, the skipper of the Hesper. He laughed when he heard them.

"No," he said, "your man isn't here, and hasn't been so far as I know. Ben," he shouted, "have you got a dangerous lunatic for a hard there?"

"Several, sir," said Ben, taking up his chief's humour.

"Well," said the skipper to the strangers, "go for a hard and look at the lot. If you see your man among them, take him away for any favour."

"We're warders from Westlea Lunatic Asylum," said the elder of the visitors to the crew. "Yesterday our most dangerous patient escaped. He's a chap with a strong homicidal tendency. Murdering is his hobby. We expect to hear he has murdered a whole village unless we make up on him soon. There's a ten pound reward for his capture, and we think we have traced him to this district. He has lucid intervals, and at these times he talks quite sensible. But let him get a knife or a razor, anything with an edge on it, and he'll cut the throat of everybody he can reach. I expect it's because he was a barber. Halloo what's wrong wi' you?"

Harry Lewis had sat down sud-

denly. His white, terror-sticken face was one of a group of four.

"What's he like?" asked Harry, faintly.

"Little chap wi' side whiskers, dark eyes, mighty civil when he's sane."

The quartette being still incapable of coherent speech, Jimmy remarked—

"That sort o' man gave them four a shave and hair-cut last night for a penny."

It was the keeper's turn to stare.

"Go along," he said. "D'you mean to say—well, I never—see here, if you let Barber put a razor on your throat, you were heroes unaware. If you had done it knowing-like, and for your country's sake, your image would have been stuck up in every town in Britain."

The four sailors were nervously fingering their throats as if to make sure that Barber's razor was not still there.

"It's a wonder we ain't all away to where singeing is more the rule than shaving," said Harry Lewis, with forced mirth.

"Just shows that you should never be so greedy," moralised Joe.

"S'pose you'd all been beheaded, 'twould have been a good lesson to you. 'Twould make you more careful in future not to try and get things without paying full value for them."

"But I can't get over you chaps baring your necks to Barber," resumed the keeper. "He must have had a lucid spell. It's a blessing it lasted till he'd finished you all. If he'd gone off sudden, so would your heads. However, it improves our chance o' nabbing him. You should easily recognise him. We're sure he's about Deansferry, and ten pounds are offered for him. You deserve to get it for what you've come through. In case of him showing his teeth, you should hunt in pairs. £5 apiece to the pair who nab him."

He seemed to be addressing the four heroes. But Joe and Ben counted themselves among his auditors, and looked significantly at each other.

There was little doing on board. For the fun of the thing, therefore, and for the preservation of life in the locality, Tom Fairley gave his crew permission to go. They formed a complete set of pairs, and each set off in an approved direction.

There was no colleague for Jimmy. If hunt he would, he must hunt alone. Undaunted by that fact, however, he set off at a discreetly long distance behind his seniors.

The amateur man-stalkers made up in zeal what they lacked in skill. But the days was hot and the roads dusty. Exertion engendered irritation. At the end of two hours, Joe and Ben stood in an environ of Deansferry, their enthusiasm ebbing and their vision of the ten pound note becoming indistinct.

Suddenly an excited boy rushed out from somewhere, and gesticulated wildly.

"Come along," he yelled.

"Here's your man. Follow me."

Recent recriminations were forgotten in the common cause.

"He's just a handful, but too big a one for me," puffed Jimmy, as he led his shipmates on.

He halted abruptly at the top of an Acerdian lane and pointed. A short distance down a man sauntered with his hands behind his back.

"That's him," whispered Jimmy tremulously; "and I'm going no further. You big fellows are safe, but he might hurt me."

Joe and Ben were fearless, though it was absurd to talk of fear in connection with the approaching encounter. A struggle would be ridiculously unequal, with all the odds on the side of the sailors. Jimmy's unashamed confession of cowardice provoked no comment. His mates, indeed, were delighted to hear it. It removed him from the reckoning at the reward. It kept the prize-money division at two.

Thus cheered, they gained quietly on the unsuspecting madman.

He was evidently unapprehensive of danger. His thoughts seemed peaceful as the scene amid which they were indulged. But they were suddenly and rudely disturbed.

Two ironlike voices clasped his ankles, his shoulders were seized and jerked back, and ere he drew a second breath, he was being borne

through the air like an inverted frog.

Surprise and fear deprived the victim of speech. He was silent for a few moments. Then he began to exercise a vocabulary so comprehensive and complete in denunciations power that even the hardy sailors trembled, and felt convinced that they had caught their prize at a tidal wave of his madness.

Jimmy had vanished. But Joe and Ben knew the road to the police station. It was some distance off, and necessitated a passage through the village.

The sailors advanced with their burden, and pagan Rome never witnessed a more successful triumphal march than did the main street of Deansferry that memorable afternoon.

Children seemed to rise in legions from the roadway. Bearded men weakly forsook their duty to gaze on the unprecedented sight. Mothers snatched up their youngest born, and rushed out to join the procession. The din was deafening. Each contributed some vocal discord, yell, or laugh or "boo." Each asked his more ignorant neighbor what it all meant. All attempted to identify the central figure of the group. But his extraordinary attitude nullified all their attempts.

The only cool persons were Joe and Ben. They marched forward stolidly, thinking of nothing but of the great though unsuspected service they were rendering these mocking people, thinking also, perchance, of their ten pound reward.

The Deansferry police-sergeant stared as the sailors, entering with their captive, set him down and restored him to the perpendicular.

"Arrest them two lunatics!" spluttered the little man, pointing to the sailors, "Whoever allowed them to be going loose about the countryside? I'll make the asylum authorities smart for this. I'll write our member this day; and have the whole question raised in Parliament."

The sailors listened amusedly. Joe even humorously tapped the side of the nose and winked knowingly to the sergeant. The latter regarded him coldly.

"If you have any explanation to make about this, hurry up and make it," he observed, sternly.

In a few rapid sentences they obeyed.

"You seem quite sober," said the sergeant, at last, "and I know your story about the escaped lunatic is true. But, bless your mutton-heads! why did you bring Mr. Evans here? He's the best known and most highly respected man in our countryside."

Mr. Evans now sat exhausted in the sergeant's chair, and glowered at his assailants. They were beginning to look uncomfortable.

"We was told he was the madman, and he carried on like one," murmured Ben, faintly.

"Who pointed him out to you?"

"Jimmy."

They explained who Jimmy was.

"Well," said the sergeant, "he has run you in for the risk of imprisonment. But you can go meantime. It's all right, Mr. Evans," he continued, as the little man was about to protest. "They are two of the Hesper crew. I can lay my hand on them at any time."

With these ominous words echoing in their ears, Joe and Ben took the quickest, quietest way back to the ship.

Captain Tom Fairley, of the Hesper, was a good-looking young bachelor. After the manner of his kind and craft he had sought diligently among women for one who would satisfy his soul. Not till three months ago had he found her. In Kitty Sharp was combined every quality of head and heart, of face and figure, that Tom Fairley had loved to see and longed to possess.

He was presently sitting on deck with his mate, Fred Craig.

"What headway are you making with Miss Sharp?" Fred was asking.

"I'm simply moving in a circle round the sauciest centrepiece you ever heard of. And try what I like, I can't reduce the radius. I've had a lot of trouble with her uncle, too, Mr. Evans, of Leron Villa. He's a hot-tempered old bachelor for whom Kitty keeps house. And her uncle's approval is a condition of Kitty's favour. I got the approval

last week, with a grudge. But, if I can keep the hold I have, I should make headway now, for I think Kitty's coldness is imitation. I'm sure her heart is tender and true, if I was once securely into it."

The mate was staring past his chief. "Gracious!" he ejaculated, "Here she is."

Tom Fairley looked eagerly. Sure enough, Kitty Sharp came tripping along the pier, her uncle by her side.

The skipper received them cordially, and he justly enough decided that at the moment, Kitty Sharp could have challenged admission into the innermost circle of Eve's fairest daughters. Her manner however, was frigid; her dainty chin was poised at a disdainful angle.

Old Evans abruptly interrupted Skipper Fairley's expressions of pleasure.

"What reparation are you going to give me for being assulted by your crew?" he demanded. "If I'm to be made a Guy Fawkes, I'll see that somebody is blown up."

"I don't understand," faltered the skipper.

"No more do I," retorted Uncle Evans. "But if you haven't heard what has happened I'll tell you."

In an increasing volume of excitement and indignation Mr. Evans described the indignities of the previous day.

"Finally," he continued, "the sergeant said he could do nothing. I have written Parliament House and Police Headquarters, and I'll likely get the same insulting answer from them. Now, what I want to know is, am I to have no redress?"

"I'm more sorry than I can say. But I'll call the men in and hear their story."

Joe and Ben entered sheepishly, but on Tom Fairley's invitation they explained their conduct in candid, convincing fashion, and concluded with a simple, sincere apology.

"I think the explanation very reasonable," said the skipper to his visitors, "and I don't see what more they or I can do. They were seeking to render a service to the community, and they have made a mistake."

"Let them pay for their mistake. I insist on your dismissing them."

"Dismiss Joe and Ben! I'll see you hanged first."

"You'll what?" gasped old Evans.

Tom Fairley was deeply in love with Kitty Sharp. It was his policy to conciliate her vindictive old relative. But he would not perpetrate such a gross injustice, not even though Kitty's favour was the price.

"I point blank refuse to sacrifice two married men to your whim," he said.

Kitty diverted her uncle's angry retort. "There's a boy at the bottom of it all," she said, "I should like to see him."

"Call the Kid," said Tom Fairley.

The kid's whereabouts were evidently remote. It was a considerable time ere he was discovered and thrust rudely into the cabin. His appearance had a startling effect on Mr. Evans.

"You young scoundrel," he cried. "You—I say, is that the boy who put you up to assulting me?" he asked the sailors.

"Yes."

"Well just last week I caught him robbing my orchard, and I gave him the soundest caning he ever got in his life. He has had his revenge on me, and made you the tools for it."

"Well," said Joe, "we two gave him a hiding the other day for general misconduct. He's been having his revenge on us, and made you the tool for it."

A woman's merry laugh suddenly echoed through the cabin, like some seraphic melody. It was Kitty, laughing till the tears glistened bright in her eyes.

"It's the best joke I've heard of for a long time," she exclaimed, "and a most dexterous killing of three birds with one stone. I suggest that for his cleverness, the culprit be acquitted."

"That's not good enough," interrupted Uncle Evans, savagely. "I'll forgive them old ones, they have been on the youngster's string

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to beat James Ewart." "It is very strange," said Kitty. "Will you come to Leron Villa now?"

"My privilege as a visitor there was pointedly withdrawn this afternoon." "My word is sufficient to restore it," she said, and led the way.

The old servant was finishing her Samaritan-like functions, when Kitty asked Jimmy to return to the parlor. Unsuspecting, he did so. But the moment he saw the skipper his countenance changed.

"Just tell Captain Fairley what you told me ten minutes ago," said Kitty, confidently.

"I can't miss."

"Why?"

"Because it was all lies."

"You incorrigible!" shouted Tom Fairley.

But Kitty stayed him with her hand. "It is no compliment to a lady to come and tell her lies, James. Surely you had some reason."

"I thought, miss, that, like your uncle, you wanted me punished so I went up to the cock of the village and challenged him. We fought to a finish, and I won."

"But why did you do it?" persisted Kitty.

Jimmy hesitated a moment, then boldly plunged.

"Please, Miss, I was trying to help Skipper. 'Twas only to-day I guessed he was your sweetheart, and I thought that, by sticking up for me, he had spoiled his chance with you."

At this unexpected shot a wave of crimson rose to Kitty's cheeks, investing her with fresh beauty. "Get away back to the ship," said the Skipper, coming to Kitty's relief.

Jimmy gladly obeyed. In silence they watched him go out at the gate. Then Tom Fairley turned and looked straight into Kitty's sweet, blue eyes.

"Jimmy fears I have spoiled something," he said, taking her hands. "I share his fear, Kitty, what about my chance with you?"

She was silent awhile then, hiding her face on his breast she whispered—

"No other body has any."

Half an hour later Kitty Sharp smoothed her tresses, removed an irritating stray hair from her sweetheart's shoulder, then, with her arm confidently intertwined with his, went out to inform her Uncle Evans that she had promised to become Mrs. Tom Fairley within three months.—*The Scotsman*.

Letter From Jap Servant.

The following characteristic letter from a Japanese servant was received by a San Francisco lady recently. It is a good example of the Japanese method of writing English. The penmanship and the spelling are good:

—Sacramento, Apr. 24.—Mrs. K. —How are you getting along now, I am very anxious. I scared here on above address in safe on last Saturday with my friends. I wish to know how did you do after burned up the city of San Francisco. I hope, I am very glad if you write me as soon as possible as you can. I am very sorry I cannot work for you any more to go back again to your city on account of I like to stay in this place just a while, and find some business with myself. I will be much satisfied, please let me know how you are. I remain yours faithful servant,

HARRY WATANABE.

"Please excuse me I write on this poor paper because I have no other writing tablet."—*Ex.*

No Needless Waste.

The gold fish in the little aquarium had thriven quite well until a few weeks after they had been intrusted to the care of the new maid, when they were found feebly floating almost on their backs.

"Harriet!" called the anxious mistress, "have you given the fish any fresh water lately?"

No Madam," answered Harriet; "they haven't drunk the water I gave them last month yet."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Magnetism is largely the secret of a clergyman's success, and it's much the same with the bunko steerer.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man."

Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most true,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

AN editorial in the Illinois *Advance*, suggests that the deaf-mutes of the country adopt some visible sign indicating their deafness, so that motormen, chauffeurs, engineers, etc., can halt and give them the right of way. Mr. Clifford, who makes the suggestion, adds that a band of cloth might be sewn around the coat sleeve, and a certain color be universally adopted.

This is another of the many impracticable suggestions that crop out from time to time. In the first place, most of the deaf would prefer death to branding. None of the intelligent and better educated deaf-mutes would be willing to go through life with a notice of their infirmity, or deprivation, or handicap, or whatever you chose to call it, tagged to them; and if you, dear reader, will make a note of the railroad accidents to deaf-mutes, you will be surprised to discover that in almost every case the victim was one of the more intelligent of the deaf.

In these days of rapid transit on street and highway and railroad, the best method of saving life is to educate the school children upon the danger that will menace them during vacation days and after their school days are over. "Don't walk on the railroad or trolley tracks," should be made the subject for weekly admonition or advice. If the deaf can not be taught "railroad wisdom" at school, they certainly can not be induced to tag or brand their clothing after leaving school. And even if some of them did label themselves as suggested, it does not seem probable that an engineer, driving his locomotive at the rate of sixty miles an hour, either could or would slow down to find out what the band of color indicated. And consider the ludicrous stupidity of a deaf-mute calmly strolling in the danger zone, confidently expecting his "badge of deafness" to make him immune to accident. And the deaf-mute ladies, how they would enjoy the idea of a colored ribbon tied to their arms, and the consequent inharmonious effect. In the big cities, the street gamins would have fine sport with those deaf-mutes whose affliction was paraded on their coat sleeves.

No, Mr. Clifford, the outward and visible sign does not fill the bill. What is wanted is the inculcation of inward wisdom and carefulness that shall produce cautious but alert young men and women.

THE plain-spoken and forceful comment of Mr. Alex. L. Pach upon "The Passing of the Deaf Teacher," is quite refreshing and opportune. Naturally, those deaf who teach the deaf, are reluctant about setting forth the truth in regard to the value of deaf teachers. It might seem like exploiting themselves. But, coming from one who has nothing to expect and less to desire of favor from Principals of Institutions, the aforesaid comment (which is reproduced in another column of this paper) carries with it an added force. Yet the Principals are not wholly to blame. The clamor for speech-teaching—which the deaf teacher

can not undertake—comes from the parents of deaf children, who, reasoning from their own conception of speech as an educator and medium of communication, entertain the belief that it will exercise the same office and be of the same importance as it is in the case of children who can hear. They fail to discriminate between the education of the mind and the training of the tongue. To offset this fallacy and to open the way to more deaf teachers of the deaf, the National Association should get out a circular upon the subject and keep sending it to parents of children who are undergoing the process of education. Then those who go by the adage "Vox populi vox Dei," would give the claims of the educated deaf increased consideration.

Passing of the Deaf Teacher?

Alexander L. Pach in the *Silent Worker*.

In its issue of September 20th, the *Deaf-Mutes' Register* has an interesting editorial on "The Passing of the Deaf Teacher," and I have no doubt the Institution press will take it up, in all the many phases it represents. It is an unfortunate fact that few deaf teachers of the deaf are being appointed. Gallaudet College turns out more and more graduates each year, but few now enter the teacher's profession, though all the Normal Fellows find ready places, and several of them have already Superintendencies.

If the prejudices of Parents and Boards of Directors is to blame for this state of affairs, why not educate them instead of turning the deaf down in the only profession, or practically the only profession they can shine in? Deaf clergymen, chemists, botanists and others in professional lines, are handicapped to a certain extent by their deafness and can never hope to attain the heights that their hearing confreres do, but in the profession of teaching the deaf, the deaf themselves can reach higher, and do better work than hearing people do, because, being deaf, they know their brother deaf better than the hearing ever can. They know how to get past barriers and triumph over them better than any hearing ear. Of course this excludes Oral work, but, the great majority of the deaf are sacrificed when they are educated by the pure-oral method. Teaching a semi-mute to read the lips and keep up speech, is child's play compared with giving understanding, knowledge, efficiency, and the ability to go through the world in the next best way to the hearing-deaf way, to *born* mutes.

Who are the most successful at this work? Which schools have the credit of the most brilliant college graduates? Look 'em over, and see if they don't come from New York, Ohio, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, and so on—the States that have the best crops of deaf teachers.

The deaf teacher in a school for the deaf, is generally the one to whom the pupils look for knowledge and help when they cannot get it from the hearing. The deaf teacher, by reason of his knowledge of the language of the deaf, by familiarity with the thorny road he, himself, has travelled in pursuit of learning, extends a helping hand and brings light out of darkness, and order out of chaos.

Bring me the darkest case of utter absence of any knowledge whatever—a "failure" as teachers class them—who no hearing teacher has ever been able to teach or even interest, and I'll put him in the hands of any deaf teacher, who will show results in one day's teaching.

And who have the patience and the resources to bring this about? Not the hearing, in nineteen times out of twenty.

Perhaps, as the *Register* says, the deaf teacher is inadequately paid. But I think the salaries of the Pattersons, Smiths and Fox's, shining lights in their profession, will average up quite as high as any three men teachers in the profession, who are not Principals.

And these same men's emolument will not be less than that of three other deaf men, in other lines of work.

It is a sad day for the deaf if the deaf teacher is passing. Surely in a school for the deaf, the deaf ought to be freed from prejudices, and given an equal chance with hearing people. I have gone through the class rooms of big schools for the deaf, and had opportunities in plenty not only to see school-room work, but its results in after years.

At the New York Institution (where there have always been deaf teachers and instructors), for thirty years past, a deaf man has been instructor in printing, and being a man of unusual talents and attainments, supplemented the course in printing with a very practical, common sense, course in English and in Grammar. The results have been gratifying to an extent that no other similar school's course can show. But the course is not mapped out—not down in any book. It is based on experience, and the deaf-man's knowledge and understanding of his fellow deaf. All who

took the prescribed period of instruction, with rare exceptions, are successful bread-winners, and many have held their cases for years, despite great competition. Their pay runs from \$21.00 a week, on an average, to \$35.00. I do not believe any hearing man has ever accomplished anything like this, in this line of educational work. Like the man from Missouri, I insist, if there is anything like it anywhere else, "You will have to show me."

ST. LOUIS.

The second convention of the State Association is now a thing of the past. Although its life was but a span of three days, it was one to be long remembered, both for its social and business features, but more for the latter as the business corner stone of the Missouri Home (may the actual home be but a few years away) was formerly laid. This convention will then be remembered much better and longer than succeeding ones, no matter how surpassed it will be by future assemblies for the same purpose. It is a case of much congratulation that the enthusiasm displayed was not a local nature—delegates from different sections of Missouri showed the same enthusiasm and loyalty to the cause as the originators of the idea themselves—it needed but the home idea to fuse all of us together in a common object, no matter what our difference in other ways may be.

The attendance was very gratifying considering the short notice and the fact that it was out of the regular time. The Fall had been chosen so as to secure low rates on the railroads, and although this found many at their busiest time, most managed to secure the necessary three days to come and take in the convention.

The minutes of the business meeting will be given in a later issue. It was the desire of St. Louisans to have a member from outside the city fill the presidential chair, and to this end many capable and energetic men refused to accept. It will in future be filled by Mr. E. Whitaker of Milan, Mo., who is well qualified to fill the place. The Executive Committee was also taken from members so as to include all Missouri.

The crowning event of the social side was, of course, the ball. The Local committee headed by Mr. G. D. Hunter assisted by Messrs. H. Burgher, Wm Stafford, Loo Froning, W. T. Campbell, Roy D. Jones and J. W. Oberback, deserve great praise for the way they performed their work. The Jefferson Club Hall is large and spacious and the over two hundred and fifty persons that enjoyed the night had plenty of space to move around. Not the slightest accident occurred to mar the enjoyment. The same hall is used by the Democratic party to celebrate their victories, and has seen many a notable gathering of men, high in national Democratic circles, in its four walls, adorned with portraits of past and present chieftains, who knows whether or not the gathering of the deaf in the same place will, in after years, be just as long remembered as any ever held in that hall?

The dancing was kept up till an early morning hour, as the orchestra of six pieces seemed not to tire, and a more enjoyable time could not be imagined. Many, like the proverbial early bird, came early and secured good seats either on the wide lawn around the building or in the hall itself, to witness the Veiled Prophet's parade and had a fine unobstructed view of the pageant before the beginning of the "tripping of the light fantastic" began.

An ingenious brain hatched out the idea of having the prettiest girls among the deaf equipped with small tin cans adorned in any way they pleased, and a supply of small diamond shaped cards bearing on one side the legend "I have helped the Home Fund" and on the other "Have you?" These cards were to be purchased by any amount from one cent up, and the said amount to be deposited in the tin can for the Home Fund. The ladies also seemed to have provided themselves with every possible reason why one should help the Home, and were prepared to answer any argument against it; so escape was impossible to anyone whom they attacked. In a short time, these cards were to be seen appearing on every person present, while many having susceptible hearts and not desiring to turn a fair petitioner away unrewarded, allowed themselves to be "held up" several times in succession and were rewarded with a corresponding number of cards. Chairman Hunter of the Social Committee had wisely provided an ample supply, and wore a widening smile whenever he glanced towards the steadily decreasing supply. Many hearing people also liberally contributed when the object was explained. Out of the bevy of fair ones, Miss Molloy managed to secure the largest amount, something over seven dollars, with the eleven other collectors coming close

behind. The amount that was collected surpassed the hopes of all, and will prove a good addition to the Fund. A prize was to be awarded to the lady who secured the largest amount, but Miss Molloy refused to accept anything, preferring the amount to be added to the Home.

Mention should also be made of Miss Katie McHer, of Fulton, who sold ten tickets to the ball among her friends there, although none were able to attend, and of Miss McClure, of De Soto, who in like manner sold six.

The business part of the convention was resumed on Wednesday evening, the 3d, and brought to a successful conclusion. The most important transaction was the selection of a committee to revise the Constitution and By-Laws, so as to include the Home into its guardianship, until such time as the Home is strong enough to stand alone. Missouri means to profit by the success of her sister States, who have already secured homes or are on a fair way to acquire it.

Among out of town visitors to the convention, the writer noticed the following:

Miss Arniek and Messrs. Maher and Johnson, of Fulton, Miss E. Reddick, Bloomfield, Mr. G. Parker, Moberly, Miss M. McClure, De Soto, Mrs. Chas Minor, Independence, Mr. J. Robins, Unionville, Messrs. W. Rotherf and W. H. Phelps, Carthage, Mr. Ed Whitaker, Niangua, Messrs. T. Comb and Chas. Shields, Rich Hill, Miss Grace Shaefer, Windsor, Messrs. Stock and Shyman, Cuba, Mo.

Visitors from the suburbs and surrounding towns across the river also helped well the number attending.

Mr. L. G. Rosson, of Manzanola, Cal., was in the city for a brief stay, but much to his friends' regret, could not stop over long enough to include the convention. A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Phelps, of Carthage, at St. Luke's Hospital this city, recently. Mother and child are doing nicely.

Mr. Chas. Minor, of Independence, did not arrive on the first evening of the Convention until it was about all over. He made up for that however by being the last of our visitors to leave, remaining until Saturday, Kansas city has taken a step in advance of St. Louis by already having a Home Club, whose object is to aid the Home Fund. We will try to catch up soon, and then, Kansas City, look out for your laurels.

Mr. Ernest Prince holds the palm for having traveled the longest distance of those who came to the convention, as he hails from Halifax, Nova Scotia. He is going to take the full course at the College of Photography, at Effingham, Ill.

From a recent daily of Cuba, Mo., Miss Bertha Poulter, a young deaf-mute lady, was run over by a Frisco freight train this morning and instantly killed. She was walking on the tracks.

A large delegation of pupils left on the tenth for the State school at Fulton for another term, with one of the teachers in charge.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

REV. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, Pastor
Sunday service at 7.30 P.M.

Above services discontinued during the summer, will re-open on the first Sunday in October, at 7.30 P.M.

Bible Class meets at 8 o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services on Sundays in the College Hall, at 3.30 P.M.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's, 144 Grand Street, Services and Instruction in the College Hall, at 3.30 P.M., on the first Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of
REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S. J.

The Marriage Service between Mr. Clifton H. Button and Miss Edna P. Leming, at 141 Van Vorst Avenue, Bellevue, Kentucky, was the 10th at which the Rev. A. W. Mann has officiated during his ministerial career.

An affinity is generally a person with money.

Too many cozy corners will drive man to his club.

Even the office that seeks the man must first see the boss.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Gridiron Warriors at Play.

DOINGS OF CLASS OF '06

Summary of the Happenings from the East Wing.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

GALLAUDET COLLEGE—Oct. 7, 1906—On Georgetown Field, Saturday afternoon, October 6th, our football team had its first opportunity to show what it is worth, when it met the fast Georgetown University team in the first College game played in the District this year. Georgetown won, 22 to 0, in 45 minutes of actual play, but the verdict of the newspapers was that both teams are stronger than last year, and that the Buff and Blue though lighter this season made a better showing than last year, when they held Georgetown to a lower score.

After beating a team of veterans, representing Eastern High School in another practice game, Tuesday afternoon by the small score of 6 to 0, our boys showed a great improvement against the strong Georgetown eleven, which is heavier than that of last year. And had they played with the spirit they showed in the last few minutes of play, they would undoubtedly have lost by a smaller score, and probably would have crossed Georgetown's goal line.

The Buff and Blue did not show its full strength in this game, for Vinson, by far the best candidate for left guard, was kept out of the game by illness, and Shanklin's weak ankle compelled him to give way to Scheneman at right-end during the second half. Talbert, who has never played any position outside of centre, took Vinson's place, and as was to be expected this made a very weak spot in our line. Shanklin played a good game in spite of his handicap, and Scheneman was little behind him, doing especially good work in interfering, when Gallaudet had the ball. At the other end little Homer did some brilliant tackling, especially in the first half, but his end was weak in holding the line on the offensive.

Sharp shows improvement all around and played a star game toward the close of the second half, while Kutzleb had great speed in the open, more than once overtaking Bocock, the fast Georgetown Captain, when the latter essayed quarter-back runs.

The Georgetown men had their troubles with Cadwell. This young gentleman is as beefy as ever, but appears to have more ambition than he showed last year. On the defensive, he was the most conspicuous of Gallaudet's lines men, and although the Georgetown coaches put four different men against him, he continued to wade through and either nail the runner, or break up the Blue and Gray formations with great frequency throughout the game.

Captain Horton played up to form, but O'Donnell, while doing well, is apparently not yet at his best.

Captain Bocock, as of old, was Georgetown's star on both offense, and defense, and punted better than O'Donnell and Horton.

The game opened with Georgetown receiving the kick-off, which they returned to their 25-yard line. From there they advanced it steadily to the Gallaudet 30-yard line, where they punted past our goal line. Gallaudet kicked out and the ball was returned to our 45-yard line. Shanklin stopped a run around his end for no gain. Georgetown tried our left, but Homer duplicated Shanklin's play and Bocock was forced to kick.

O'Donnell failed to hold the punt, and a Blue and Gray fell on the ball, a yard from our goal, and took it across on the third play. Goal succeeded. Score 6 to 0, after 12 minutes of play.

Georgetown kicked off and the ball seasawed back and forth in Gallaudet's territory most of the time, Georgetown being twice penalized for ten yards for hurdling and rough play. After about ten minutes of play, Georgetown University took a brace and long end runs brought the ball to Gallaudet 2-yard line, where Gallaudet again held stubbornly for two downs only to have Georgetown score by a trick pass on the next play. Goal failed. Score 11 to 0. Time for the first half was called with the ball in Georgetown University's possession in the center of the field.

Soon after the opening of the second half, Horton was forced to attempt a kick on his own 15-yard line. Gallaudet's line leaked and Horton was thrown back, losing ten yards and the ball.

The Blue and Gray speedily carried the ball, the five yards and gained their third touchdown. Stewart missed goal.

Gallaudet kicked off, and straight football brought Georgetown the last touchdown, from which Bocock kicked goal.

Georgetown University kicked off, and the mutes returned the ball to the centre before losing it on downs. They held Georgetown on their own 15-yard line a few minutes later and got the ball.

Sharp got away for thirty-six yards, and here the Buff and Blue, which had been playing a listless game up to this time, awoke and carried their opponents off their feet. Underhill, Horton, Kutzleb and Sharp hit the line for big gains, and Sharp again skirted Georgetown's left, this time, for ten yards.

Not once was Gallaudet held for downs in this rapid rush down the field. But the brace had come too late. When they reached Georgetown's 35-yard line, only a few seconds remained of the second half, so the only chance of scoring was by a goal from the field. O'Donnell tried a kick from placement, but a Georgetown lineman breaking through, he was forced to foot the ball wide of the mark, to prevent it being blocked.

Bocock received the ball and made a sensational run through the field for forty yards. He was tackled by Sharp just as time was called.

The greatest weakness of our team is a lack of speed and aggressiveness on the attack. The success of the their attack during the last few minutes of play, the only time during the game when the boys as a team showed any speed and spirit, has taught them a lesson from which they should reap great benefit.

The game aroused great interest locally, and Gallaudet's share of the receipts was more than double that of last year.

The line-up of the two teams was:—

GALLAUDET	POSITIONS	GEORGETOWN
Howar	L. E.	Miller
Sharp	L. T.	Morton
Talbert	L. G.	Hodgkins
Bell	C.	Woods
Cadwell	R. G.	Muhall
Isackson	R. T.	Cullen
Shanklin	R. E.	Lynch
Scheneman	Q. B.	Bocock
O'Donnell	Q. B.	McLoughlin
Horton	R. H. B.	Boyle
Kutzleb	L. H. B.	Stewart
Underhill	F. B.	

Georgetown made several changes in her line during the game.

Now it is rumored, and at on good authority, that Oscar Majure, who was such a great addition to Gallaudet's athletic strength last year, will return to Kendall Green as a student of the Introductory Class, some time this week.

Vinson expects to be out Tuesday or Wednesday of this week.

The George Washington team, which Gallaudet is to meet next Saturday at University Park, shocked Lehigh University, and football circles, by holding the Lehigh team down to a score of 6 to 0, while we were losing to Georgetown University. Crowell, the Swarthmore star quarter of last year, is coaching George Washington University, and the indications are that Gallaudet has a tough game for the end of this week. George Washington University averages about one hundred and eighty pounds this year. However, the Hatchettes will greatly surprise us if they can match Georgetown in speed.

Of the class of '06, Miss Anderson is teaching in the Baltimore School for the Colored Deaf. Miss Henderson in the Arkansas School, Miss Fritz is trying to extract a fortune from a dairy at her Iowa home, and Miss Marshall is visiting relatives in Washington. Mr. Lindstrom is teaching in the Oregon School, Messrs. Rowse, Reichard and Mikesell are in Chicago. The former has a position with the Crane Elevator Company, and the two latter positions with a printing firm. The trio room together, and we trust "Mike" is breaking no furniture. Five days in the week, William Coombs Fugate parades the streets of Hazard, Kentucky, with the butt of a revolver sticking out of each hip pocket, making friends, and soliciting subscriptions for a weekly newspaper, of which he is editor, and which he gets out on the sixth day.

William Woodruff Sayles, "Sally" is following his natural bent up in New Rochelle, N. Y., where he is increasing his knowledge of horticulture and scientific farming, working on the staff of a large nursery.

Charles Lane Clark is still on the Green, subsisting on College grub for the sixth year in succession. Principal Dennison has made the position of usher at Kendall School a permanent one. Clark is filling this position. He is also filling the job with all sorts of vile odors in the pursuit of his favorite study chemistry.

In our last letter we neglected to state that the first list of officers printed were those of the Athletic Association. In the list of students, the name of Harold Preston, of Michigan, should have appeared as a student of the class of '09.

Dean Ellsworth Tomlinson, '08, has been chosen Class President by the juniors.

Rev. Geo. Flick, '04, is now located at the Clergy House of his Church, within a few blocks of the College.

The annual election of officers of the Kappa Gamma Fraternity was held on the afternoon of October 5th.

The new officers are:—

Grand Rajah. Bro. F. C. Horton, '07
Kamoos. . . . Bro. T. S. Williams, '08
Tabdeed. . . . Bro. O. Underhill, '08
Mukhtar. . . . Bro. Wm. Cooper, '08
Ibn Philliman. . . Bro. A. Kutzleb, '08
Ibn Ahmad. . . . D. E. Tomlinson, '08
Et Tabreze. . . . Robert L. Davis, '09
Eth Thaliber. . . . H. A. Preston, '09
Abbah Tekoth. . . R. E. Binkley, '09
Committee on Initiation (with Grand Rajah as Chairman)—Bros. Faupel, Underhill and Preston.

Committee on Probation (with the Kamoos as Chairman)—Bros. Cooper, Binkley and Davis.

Banquet Committee—Bro. Faupel, Chairman, Bros. Hall and Kutzleb.

Committee on Entertainment—Bros Kutzleb and Tomlinson.

The Literary Society, on October 6th, elected the following officers for the first term:—

President. Geo. Faupel '07
Vice President.
Secretary. F. W. Schenemann, '08
Treasurer. D. E. Tomlinson, '08
Librarian. Arthur Dillon, '09
Critic. Leo R. Holway, '08
Robert E. Binkley, '07

(From our East Wing Correspondent.)

The most important event happening on the Co-ed side of the house was the O. W. L. S. banquet, following the Freshman initiations.

THE MENU.
Tomato Soup
Salted Crackers
Peasant Sandwiches
Pickles
Salted Almonds
Whipped Cream
Chocolate Cake
Angel Food
Wafers

Ice Cream
Cocoa
Bon Bons
Fruit Jelly
TOASTS
Welcome. Miss Thornton, '07
Our New Sisters. Miss Northrop, '08
Our Older Sisters. Miss Dougherty ex-'08
Our Brothers. Miss Turner, '09
Gallaudet Semi-Centennial. Miss Peet.

Miss Dougherty's response to "Our Older Sister," was so short, sweet and altogether fitting that we quote it in full:

"From out in the world where danger prowls,
And the chill wind of loneliness ever howls,
The 'older sisters',—unlucky Fowls,
Foot homesick greetings to Gallaudet Owls."

The "older sisters" present were Mrs. Erickson, '95, Miss Hauberg, '03, and Miss Dougherty ex-'08.

Miss Bendele, '10, arrived to resume her college course, Saturday evening. She was too late to take in the initiation, but was in time for the banquet.

The new, full-fledged O. W. L. S. are: Misses Northrop, '08; Williams, '09; Long, '10; Thielsen, '10; Lewis, '10; Parker, '10; Johnson, '10; Roath, '10.

Miss Thornton, '07, reached college Wednesday, October 3d. She reports having met two of the former '07 girls—Miss Drum and Mrs. Phelps, nee Miss Laura Bigley.

Friday evening, October 5th, the Freshman gave a party to the Ducks! Certainly the millennium is near at hand. They even had a menu:—

Lily to Eat
Tunney scheldwnas
Agotarus sphe
Seville
Aocoe
Separg
Seikooe

Miss Frost's trunk, which has wandering like a lost spirit ever since she left old Kentucky, has at last reached its intended destination at college. The apples which she had intended as supplementary to college grub, have, turned to seed, and we do not blame her for the un-Christian feeling she holds for railroads in general and the Kentucky railroad in particular.

BUFFALO.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, at 4.30 P.M., on the following Sundays, (Every two weeks):

Oct.—14, 28. Nov.—11, 25.
Dec.— 9, 23. Jan.— 6, 20.
Feb.— 3, 17. Mar.— 3, 17, 31.
Apr.—14, 28. May— 5, 19.
June—2, 16.

You are cordially invited to attend regularly.

REV. P. S. GILMORE.

Amidst the ruins of San Francisco, on one of the principal streets, there was unveiled last August, Douglas Tilden's bronze statue erected by the patriotic citizens in honor of the California Volunteers who fought in the Philippines during the Spanish-American war. Critics pronounce it a work of art, though they do not seem to agree that the open location is the best, claiming that with background probably the city could boast of possessing the world's most striking piece of sculpture. But notwithstanding argument against the probable effect the location may have on the aesthetic sense of the group, the statue stands there daily gazed upon by thousands who know that the wonderful creation was made possible only by the genius of a deaf-mute. All honor to Douglas Tilden, F. R. S. A., who is thus helping to clear the cause of those similarly afflicted!—*N. Dak. Banner*.

NEW YORK.

Gass-Bertine Nuptials.

SHAKESPEARE SOCIAL.

Union League Notes.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The wedding of Miss Mary Bertine to Mr. James B. Gass took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah H. Bertine, 553 Decatur Street, Brooklyn, at eight o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, October 2d.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, in the front parlor, which was beautifully decorated with smilax and floral clusters. In the parlor extension, hidden behind a wall of palms and ferns, an orchestra discussed the music appropriate to weddings.

The bride looked very beautiful attired in a wedding dress imported from Paris, which one of the ladies described to the writer as a dress of shiny lace over white silk. A long tulle veil and orange blossoms, and a bouquet of roses, all added to the natural sweetness and charm of the bride. The groom was in evening dress.

After the newly wedded pair had received the congratulations of all, a grand march was formed to the dining room where a wedding supper was served. The arrangement and color scheme of the table was very tasteful and refined.

At nearly midnight the bride and groom raced for their carriage, followed by showers of rice. The honeymoon will be spent at Niagara Falls.

Besides about double the number of hearing present, the following deaf friends of the happy couple witnessed the ceremony:

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Leow, Mr. and Mrs. Felix A. Simonson, Mr. and Mrs. Max Nemeth, Mr. and Mrs. E. Souweine, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McMann, Mr. and Mrs. Lowenherz, Miss Ethel Bell, Messrs. Bachrach, Kohlman, Wolgamot, Hirsch, James Fitzgerald, Frankenhelm, Nubser, Farnham, Theo. S. Rose, Hodgson.

The presents were many and handsome, but we were able to obtain only a partial list of the donors, which is appended:

Mrs. Evans and family, four pieces of cut glass; F. W. Cochran, cut glass pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Simonson, silver salad set; Mr. and Mrs. Lowenherz, cut glass salad bowl; Arthur C. Bachrach, cut glass pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, cut glass pitcher; Mr. and Mrs. Souweine, cut glass celery boat; Mr. and Mrs. Lisicieri, one dozen silver teaspoons; Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Leow, silver sugar spoon and half a dozen coffee spoons; Miss Ethel Bell, silver cream spoon; Edwin A. Hodgson, silver berry spoon; Henry Bertine (brother of the bride), half a dozen silver knives and forks; E. F. Wolgamot, silver fish fork; Henry Kohlman, silver card receiver; Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzgerald, cut glass dish; Theo. F. Rose, a doll jariniere; James Fitzgerald, cut glass berry dish; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McMann, one dozen silver spoons; Employees of Bertine, several pieces of cut glass. There were many other presents in cut glass, silver and Satsuma ware, but the names of the donors were not obtained.

The Shakespeare Social held at St. Ann's Church, Tuesday evening proved a very pleasant innovation to the large crowd present. The selections and scenes from the "Merchant of Venice," and Antony and Cleopatra, were excellently presented on the stage in the Guild Room. Apart from the enjoyment the evening's program afforded, the educational value of the entertainment cannot be overlooked. Time was when we catered to the frivolities of man, and sent him home, with a bite and a sup to round, out the hodge podge of the evening. Mental improvement was overlooked in the sacrifice of all things to mere enjoyment. Hereafter the socials at St. Ann's will be of a higher order. The various committees in charge will spare no pains to improve on each successive social. They are free to all.

Below is the program followed Tuesday evening:

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.....John H. Kolsar

TRIAL SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Portia.....Miss Gertrude Turner

Scene from ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Cleopatra.....Miss Violet Pearce

Charion.....Miss Mabel Pearce

The scene from the "Merchant of Venice" was especially interesting. Miss Gertrude Turner made an excellent Portia, while Messrs. Stern and Renner, as Antonio and Bassanio, fitted into their parts like veteran actors. Mr. Jones, as Shylock, needs no comment. He was superb.

The scene from "Antony and Cleopatra," by the Misses Pearce, and Messrs. Stern and Rau, was heartily applauded. Miss Violet Pearce, as Cleopatra, was one of the most beautiful and dramatic presentations of the great Egyptian Queen, ever seen on the stage at St. Ann's. Her sister, Mabel, as Charmion, was charming. The costumes they wore were made by themselves, and were faithful reproductions of old Egyptian costumes.

At the conclusion of the evening the hundred or so who attended all voted the evening most profitable and enjoyable.

The social season of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League was commenced on the 30th of September, and it was the idea of Mr. Alfred B. Ernst, the new Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, to have a gathering after the summer was over during which the members were widely scattered in search of rest and recreation, and now, on an afternoon, when all the members were freed of the obligations of business, and when they could bring their wives and sweethearts together to see each other once more and recount their experiences on the farm, in the mountains and along the coast. Mr. Ernst mounted a chair and delivered the following words: "On behalf of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, I am glad to see you all gathered here for our first Sunday Social." The afternoon was passed very quietly, and cake, fruit and lemonade were served at half past four.

A ghost social under the auspices of the Ladies' Alpha Society will be held in the rooms of the Union League on October 31st. The same society will also give a whist party on November 14th.

Solomon Buttenheim makes the third member of the Union League that was injured in a street accident in eighteen months. He was knocked down by a Third Avenue car, with lights out, as the trolley slipped off the feed-wire and ran of its own momentum. Mr. Buttenheim sustained severe bruises and a deep gash on one of his legs. The motorman was arrested. Several persons have voluntarily offered themselves as witnesses, if need be, to be enlisted in his behalf. He has already placed the matter in the hands of his lawyers, confident of fruitful results despite his affliction, for he was assured that a strong case would be made out against the New York Railway Company.

Harry Powell, a graduate of Fanwood, and now employed with Wynkoop, Hallenbeck, Crawford Company Printery was an interested spectator at the Athletic games held at American League Park, last Saturday afternoon, given under auspices of the Police of this city. Prior to witnessing the games, he called to pay his respects to his old teacher, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, and was disappointed because he was not in. Mr. Powell since graduating from Fanwood has done well.

Mr. Felix Plessis, of Paris, France, has just reached New York on his trip round the world. He started with Mr. Henri Mercier a year ago, but they separated in California in June. Mr. Plessis sails for France on Thursday. On Monday last, with Dr. Fox, he was present at the evening performance in the Hippodrome.

The Hollywood Fraternity election, Saturday evening, resulted:—President, Wm. Renner; Vice-President, Fred Berger; Secretary, Alfred Stern; Treasurer, R. E. Maynard; Executive Committee, Ed. Elsworth, Chas. Brewer, Harry Powell; Trustees, H. Beuermann, M. Campbell and W. W. Thomas.

Mr. William C. Mackay, a clerk in the Toronto, Canada, Post Office, and a graduate of the Belleville Institution, was in New York for a week or so. He attended the service at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes last Sunday. Mr. Mackay is a gentleman of intelligence and fine address.

Miss Annabelle Kent, of East Orange, N. J., and a party of seven of her friends, will begin a trip around the world this week, on Saturday. It is her third voyage to foreign countries. She will remain away from this country until next June.

Mrs. John A. Dunlap, of Brooklyn, is much improved in health from her summer's stay in the Catskills. She goes to Jersey City this week, to visit a niece, and afterwards will be at home in Brooklyn.

George I. Lounsbury, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Theo. I. Lounsbury, is spending several weeks in Buffalo, N. Y., with his uncle, George Bohnert, on Prospect Avenue.

Mrs. M. L. Haight has returned to New York, after summering in the Adirondacks.

Mr. Charles Cooper, of Watertown, N. Y., is in this city for a stay of six weeks.

WEST VIRGINIA

News items should be sent to John C. Bremer, 3504 Jacob Street, Wheeling, West Virginia.

"I can't speak to you, a stranger, As I would like to do, But like many another unfortunate, I must ask some aid of you. My troubles they are many, My friends they are but few, So please help a poor deaf-mute, I would do the same for you."

"I remain with many thanks, Respectfully,"

"P. S.—I had my fingers cut off in a saw-mill three months ago."

This was the pathetic device adopted by Harry Thomas, arrested several nights ago by an officer in this city. It did not take long for the mayor the next morning in the police court to make up his mind that it was a reprehensible piece of work. Thomas was trying to sell a gold "phony" ring in front of the Brunswick hotel, on Market St. The man refused to purchase, and on being urged again to invest, indignantly slapped the ring out of Thomas' hand into the street. Then Thomas complained to the officer, who inquired into the cause of the trouble and decided that it might be well to take Thomas down to the city building for a little conversation. When waiting at the Chemical engine-house for the patrol wagon, the "blue coat" saw the prisoner fumbling in his pocket. He quietly dropped a piece of paper on the floor. It proved to be that bearing the type-written language above noted.

The impostor told the mayor he came originally from Cumberland, Md., and had a couple of fingers cut off in a saw mill, just got out of the hospital, and without thinking of the gravity of the deception he was willing to practice, had the deaf and dumb plea fixed up. It developed that he used it in Martin's Ferry, an over-the-river town, the day before he was locked up. The mayor was very angry that such a scheme should have been undertaken, and fined the slick fellow twenty dollars and costs or sixty days, saying it was a pleasure to give him the limit. Thomas blushed furiously and declared he did not intend to play the mute game unless all else failed. All the clever work is highly appreciated by the deaf community.

Down in Benwood, a deaf mute was among a number of vagrs, being picked up by the policeman last Thursday. The mute was charged with drunkenness. His name was unknown, but the police named him Jack Mute.

Mr. John E. Applegate, of Welch, was in Huntington recently on a visit to his married sister.

Mr. Okey Lough, of Little Otter, spent three enjoyable days in Cumberland, Md., before returning to the Romney school.

Mr. Julius C. Maynard, of Matewan, has recently secured a job in the Selby shoe factory, at Ports mouth, O.

Mr. William Stewart is an ex-West Virginian in the Western Pennsylvania School, his parents having moved to New Haven, Pa. from Morgantown.

Mr. Correll M. Harmon, of Charleston, a short time ago, left Chicago, Ill., for a month's stay of pleasure.

Mr. Charles B. Deem, who left the school at Romney last summer, works in a saw-mill at Roosevelt, a booming town.

Mr. John Jarrel, whose home is in Ceredo, draws his good wages in the Drew shoe-factory at Portsmouth, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Ashcroft, both mutes of Wyatt, have a deaf six-year-old son, Roscoe, who was, for the first time, sent to the Romney school several weeks ago to be educated.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crockett, formerly of Welch, have a boy, who was born last August 5th.

A saw-mill near Dawson, employs Mr. Lindsay Croty.

Miss Drusy Godfrey has gone down to North Carolina to live with Mrs. Willis, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Holdridge Chidester, of Romney.

Mr. Richard Stewart, who had been working in the Rodefer glass factory in Bellaire, O., for several months, returned home at Darkesville, near Harper's Ferry, last month.

Rev. O. J. Whildin conducted his usual service to a big attendance, including Miss Emma Bartlett, of Mannington (the guest of Mrs. J. C. Bremer for two days) and Mr. George Cannon, of Martin's Ferry, O., and also administered Holy Communion last September 23d, in St. Mathews' P. E. Church. He will be back in November.

Mrs. Earlywine, of Moundsville, guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Corbett, was present at Mr. Whildin's service.

A party for the benefit for the Ohio Home will be given at the residence of Miss Ida J. Anderson, October 27th. Every one is welcome.

Mr. Charles Halterman, whose school-course at Romney ended last

June, is a fruit-peddler in Huntington.

Miss Alma Wilson, deaf-mute of Pennsboro, was married two weeks ago, to Mr. Fred Harner, a hearing gentleman. Miss Grace Showalter, having reported to the effect.

Miss White, who resigned her position as matron of the Romney school, has made her home with two uncles, and an aunt in Long Island, Philips Co., Kansas. One of the uncles is a deaf-mute, Mr. Dulaney Kemble, a product of the Virginia school, who makes occasional visits in this State.

Oct. 7, '06. J. C. B.

An Error Rectified.

To the Members and Friends of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf:

My attention was called to the fact that the late Mr. John P. Ijams was the first Treasurer of the Society, not the late Mr. William R. Cullingworth, as I said in my annual address at the convention held at Pittsburgh on the first day of last September. I saw the mistake at once, as I had always known this historical fact myself, and was puzzled to understand how I could have overlooked it. By reference to the proceedings of both the first and second conventions which were published in one and the same pamphlet, I found out that I used the wrong list. The Board of Managers, as mentioned in my address, was elected at the second convention in Philadelphia in the year 1884, so I shall have to revise the whole list.

The following ticket was elected at the first convention held at Harrisburg in 1881:

OFFICERS.

President, Rev. H. W. Syle, Philadelphia.

First Vice-President, Archibald Woodside, Pittsburgh.

Second Vice-President, R. M. Ziegler, Carlisle.

Recording Secretary, J. M. Koehler, Scranton.

Corresponding Secretary, J. T. Elwell, Philadelphia.

Treasurer, John P. Ijams, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MANAGERS.

B. R. Allabough, Norristown. Theodore Kiesel, Wilmington, Del. William H. Lipssett, Philadelphia. Daniel Rank, Harrisburg. T. J. Trist, Philadelphia.

Below is the original membership list:

Alleghany County—Samuel Davidson, G. P. Pfeiffer, B. F. Widaman and Archibald Woodside.

Chester—J. S. Hoopes.

Columbia—W. W. Swartz.

Cumberland—Tessie Glen (now Mrs. H. R. Stevens), Mary Glen, D. B. Glen, R. M. Ziegler.

Dauphin—Philip Fahs, Daniel Rank.

Delaware—William T. Sent.

Franklin—H. L. Phillips.

Junata Co.—Louis Rosenmund.

Lancaster—John E. Beninger.

Lackawanna—J. M. Koehler.

Lebanon—F. W. Lohse.

Luzerne—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arnold, Net-tie Well (now Mrs. Moses Hayman).

Monroe—William Arnold.

Montgomery—B. R. Allabough.

Northumberland—Samuel S. Haas.

Perry—John V. Gray.

Philadelphia—Thomas Breen, J. T. Elwell, W. H. Lipssett, J. E. Pollock, "Mrs. M. A. Paulin," J. A. Roop, "C. H. Snare," "H. W. Syle."

Schuylkill—Jere Moyer.

Members residing in other States:

Delaware—Theodore A. Kiesel.

Franklin—Julia A. Foley.

New York—Mr. and Mrs. John A. Ijams, "John Carlin."

*Deceased.

Of the forty-two charter-members we have only nine with us: Samuel Davidson, H. B. McMaster, Annie Pfeiffer, Archibald Woodside, B. F. Widaman, R. M. Ziegler, B. R. Allabough, Thomas Breen and Edward D. Wilson.

Having thus made the correction, I hope that the other living charter members will come back into our "fold" at our silver jubilee next summer.

B. R. ALLABOUGH.

WILKINSBURG, PA., OCT. 8, 1906.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 1829 W. Ontario Street.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sermon and Holy Communion—

First Sunday of the month, 2:30 P.M.

Evening Prayer and Sermon—

Other Sundays, 2:30 P.M.

Bible Class, ... 3:45 P.M.

WEEK-DAY MEETINGS.

Cleric Literary Association—

Every Thursday, 8 P.M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, OCTOBER 14TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 10:30 A.M.

Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion.

Lecture in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, October 16th.

With free welcome to all.

OHIO.

Quite a Pleasant Entertainment

CAMP REMINDERS

A Wedding—Numerous Notes.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of M. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

October 6, 1906.—The opening of school brought back the scattered members of the "Day P. Club," from their several summer haunts and Saturday last, was decided upon as the day upon which to celebrate the reunion and also mark it as the initial of the year's meets. To Miss Buchanan fell the lot as entertainer, and she mapped out a program accordingly. The first on the list was an hour's sight-seeing about the city in modern fashion a la Automobile. Word went out that the place of rendezvous for members and invited guests would be at five o'clock sharp at High and Broad Streets. But just previous to that hour a rain storm came up and put an end to the expected pleasure ride.

The second on the program was a meeting at Miss Buchanan's home, at half past seven o'clock. Here an hour was passed relating vacation happenings and then came the game of Author guessing, there being twenty-five of them. Mr. Ernest Zell carried off the prize and for guessing all correctly, and for his pains was awarded Milton's "Paradise Lost." The next game was parts to be found on the human body. Miss Edgar was an apt pupil in this exercise, as she carried off the prize, a picture, and Mrs. Kolma Jansen Albert had to content herself with the booby prize, a paper weight.

The married people were now asked to step into the dining room, to help themselves to a spread that was tempting and tastefully gotten up, while those not so fortunate as to have better halves were put by the hostess to some more guess work, deciphering "Hidden States" and "Hidden Cities," of France, just to keep them out of mischief. Miss Lamson of the ladies, and Mr. Schory of the gentlemen, secured the prizes offered, a framed picture, and ash stand, respectively. The joke is on Mr. Schory, for the weed is an abomination to his taste. After the single ones had had their turn in the dining room, the party broke up, but not until a hearty vote of thanks had been given the hostess for the splendid entertainment she had given her guests, who were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schwartz and oldest son, Mr. and Mrs. Neutzling, Mrs. C. C. Venner, Mrs. Kolma-Jansen Albert, Messrs. Schory, Zell, Ohlemacher and Mayer, present by invitation; and the following members: Misses Lamson, Biggam, Edgar, McFadden, McGregor, Zell, Mrs. Zorn, Mrs. Ohlemacher and Mrs. Mayer.

At Fostoria, O., Wednesday evening, the marriage of Mr. Walter Byhmer and Miss Della Snyder were solemnized by a hearing minister, at the home of a relative of the bride. Miss Annie Stocker, of this city, was one of the attendants. A fine supper followed the ceremony. The bride received numerous gifts, useful and ornamental. They will make their home at Bethel, Clermont County, O., where Mr. Byhmer is employed in a shoe factory. Both attended school here, the bride graduating several years ago, and worked for a time in the bindery. Our best wishes follow them.

Mr. August Beckert, who came here, with the opening of school, to break in his successor, Mr. J. B. Showalter, as supervisor, completed his task. Wednesday. In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Zorn gave a party, in his honor, at their home on South Champion Avenue.

All of the Columbus people, who shared the hospitalities of "Camp Zorn" were there, besides others. The evening was devoid of games, but the interest was more than made up in recounting camp incidents going over a large collection of camp views, taken by Messrs. Davis and Schory. One of the "snap shots" produced the laugh on the reporter, who was unable to distinguish the picture of himself, fallen asleep, poring over a magazine while sitting on the bench, waiting to be called to the "fish fry."

The snap was taken by one of the fair damsels at the camp. Refreshments were served during the evening, and the party broke up at 10:30, regretting Mr. Beckert's leaving the circle, but wishing success in the business he has undertaken. Those at the party were Mr. and Mrs. Zorn, Mrs. Ohlemacher, Mr. Beckert, Mrs. Zell,

Messrs. McGregor, Schory, Charles, Greener, Zell, A. Ohlemacher, Mrs. Clum, Misses Lamson, Jeanette and Bessie McGregor and Zell.

Mr. George Clum has progressed far enough in his illness as to be able to be up at little now a time. Earlier in the week the distressing news was received that his father had died. The end came not unexpected, as he had been sick for some time.

Mrs. Elvira Bruning, mother of Miss Olivia Bruning, of the teachers of the institution, died suddenly Wednesday morning from heart disease. She had been a sufferer for some time. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon. The teachers of the institution combined and sent a beautiful floral piece. Mrs. Bruning was a sister of the late Mrs. Leila Oharra Mansner, Supervisor of speech teaching in the institution, who died last winter.

Mr. George Kihm was in the Penitentiary last week—of course, not to stay. Only on a visit with his sisters, three of them. The conductor who escorted them through said George didn't have much to say, but seemed to have been interested in all he saw.

Rev. A. W. Mann will hold communion service in Trinity Church this city, October 21st, at 10:30 A.M.

On Friday, October 19th, at 3 and 7:30 P.M., he will hold a service in St. James' Church, Wooster.

Mr. Howard Mann, son of Rev. A. W. Mann, has been promoted from assistant to City Editor on the Cleveland Press. His brother-in-law is also on the staff of the paper.

By the way, Mr. Howard Mann was to be married this week at Lowhard, Ill., to a former classmate of Rev. and Mrs. Mann's daughter, Agnes, at Waterman Hall, a church school at Sycamore.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Burnell, of Converse, Ohio, are the proud possessors of twin daughters. They arrived lately.

Miss Grace Munger, of Toledo, has transferred her work to the Wade Bindery, where she secures better pay and is more pleased with the work.

William, the youngest son of Mrs. Mary Willing, is down with typhoid fever.

Mrs. Shopshire was tendered a birthday surprise party at her home last Saturday evening by a number of her deaf friends. She was presented with a number of presents as a reminder of the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Shopshire moved over to Grove City this week, and thus will be neighbors of Mrs. McGregor and the other deaf residents of that burg.

Miss Clara Lingle, of Dayton, is in the city for a few days, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ohlemacher. She goes from here to Zanesville, where she will visit for a time her classmate, Mrs. Laverna Carr Worstall.

Clinton Society chose the following officers to serve the first half of the school year:

President, Susie Boettner; Vice-President, Willie Arras; Secretary, Tena Miller; Assistant Secretary, Otto Kleppel; Treasurer, Rosa Zlich; Librarian, Willie Wingate; Assistant Librarian, Irene Krouse; Girls' Reading room, M. Hoskinson; Boys' Reading room, Edward Burke; Critic, K. Ayers.

Mr. J. B. Showalter was chosen trustee in place of Mr. Beckert, resigned.

Mr. John Smith, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Smith, of Youngstown, O., with his wife, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Atwood, this week. They visited the institution Thursday.

Leslie Oren returned with his teacher from Bowling Green, O., Monday where they had been guests of Mr. Hickox, one of the trustees of the Institution, for several days. He was taken to the County Fair up there and gave some exhibitions of what he can do on a typewriter, and was the wonder of the many thousands of people attending the Fair. Leslie himself was an interested spectator, for every thing he felt if he did not know it had to be explained to him, and in this way gained a great deal of information of what sees at a fair.

Thursday he accompanied Superintendent Jones to Marietta, where an exhibition of his work was given before the State Charitable Workers.

Superintendent Jones read a paper on the manner of Leslie's education. A. B. G.

Service for Deaf-Mutes.

OCTOBER 1906.

7-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.

3:30 P.M., Ascension, Fall River.

14-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston. Holy Communion.

3:30 P.M., Grace, Providence, R. I.

19-3:30 P.M., New England Home, Everett. Holy Communion.

21-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.

2:00 P.M., St. Stephen's, Lynn.

4:15 P.M., St. Peter's, Beverly.

28-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.

10:45 A.M., All Saints', Worcester. Holy Communion.

4:00 P.M., Grace, Lawrence.

Service every Friday at New England Home, Everett at 3:30.

S. STANLEY SEARING.

Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes, 564 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

Albert S. Tufts, Lay-Reader.

Edwin W. Frisbee, Lay-Reader.

It's the things we don't do that often give us the most unhappiness.

INDIANA.

School Reopened and Real Work Begun.

WHO CAN BEAT OUR BOWLERS.

News Items from Fort Wayne.

FANWOOD.

Protean Society Re-organizes.

BATTALION MUSTER.

Basket Ball, Etc.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Monday evening last, at nine o'clock, a special meeting of the Protean Society was held for the election of officers for the present school year. Among those who were absent were Samuel Cohen, who at present is taking a course of study in Gallaudet College; John Hill and Alfred Barry, who graduated last June; M. Rosenberg, F. Carley and Thomas Travers. The election was not a hot one for all were elected unanimously. The election as follows: Counselor, Enoch Henry Currier; President, V. S. Birek; Vice-President, F. T. Lux; Secretary, C. Lautenberger; Treasurer, Enoch Henry Currier; Librarian, M. Weisberg; Executive Committee, J. Lovitch, Chairman; A. Tanzas and J. Agresto. Active Members: F. Nimmo and C. Schatzkin. The next business after the election was the appointment of probationers, which was finally settled by appointing Messrs. F. G. Fancher, G. K. S. Gompers and T. Toburn, as probationers. The meeting concluded after ten o'clock. The first regular meeting of the month was held Thursday evening, October 4th, also after nine o'clock. The officers, who were elected Monday, made short speeches, which savored of better times for the Society.

Wednesday morning, at eight o'clock, the battalion was mustered for the first time since last June. The reason of the muster was for appointing officers to such places as were vacant. The battalion was without arms, as no drilling was to be done. Company A had its vacant ranks filled up with boys from Company B, which in turn drew men from Company C. There were a good number of small boys for Company C, which will be captained by J. Lovitch, formerly Adjutant. The officers of the battalion stand as follows:

Colonel—Enoch Henry Currier.
Major—William H. Van Tassel.
Captains—Vernon Birek, Frank T. Lux and Jacob Lovitch.
Adjutant—Max Weisberg.
Sergeant Major—George K. S. Gompers.
Sergeant Field Music—Carl Lautenberger.
Color Sergeants—John Agresto and Thomas Toburn.

First Sergeants—Anton Tanzas, Frank Nimmo and Henry Seherer.

Second Sergeants (acting)—Charles Schatzkin, Edward Ohland, Leopold Frey and Bruno Dornblut.

Corporals—F. Fancher, W. Cole, A. Schoenewaldt, A. Chaimowitz, W. Afort, H. Brauer, M. Lubin, W. Bergman, A. Dirkes, H. Blechner and W. Kadel.

Lance Corporals—M. Eisen, J. Quinn and I. Lovitch.

The battalion may begin drilling this week for the competitive drill for the flag on the 19th of November. Who may judge the drill is not known, but it is hoped that we will have reviewing officers of high rank.

A new reading club has been established among the boys which hence forth will be known as the Fanwood Reading Circle. Its object is to improve the intellectual character of its members. An election of officers recently took place and the results were as follows:

President, William Afort; Vice President Edward Ohland; Treasurer Charles H. Miller and Librarian Moses Neidenberg. The circle is composed of eleven members excluding the above named officers. As it is a good thing for them it is hoped that the circle will get along progressively.

Last Saturday afternoon a hot game of basket-ball was played in the gymnasium. It was the first game played there on Saturday afternoon. The following score will give an idea of the game.

BLACK HAWKS	POSITIONS	EXPERTS
Kripe, W.	R. F.	Weiner
Tanzas	L. F.	Zeigler
Cole	C.	Rotherham
Lovitch	L. G.	Foland
Kripnik	L. G.	Agresto

Goals from Tanzas, 3; Lovitch, 2; Zeigler, 2; Foland, 3; Agresto, 2. Empire—Frank Lux. Score—Max Weisberg. Time of game—Twenty minutes halves.

Mr. Cyril Kilpin, 4th officer on board the S. S. City of Everett, one of the Stanard Oil Company's ships, sailing from the port of New York to Port Arthur, Sabine, Galveston and New Orleans, with a cargo of crude oil, was an interested visitor at the Institution on Monday last. He was shown round by Mr. Rotherham, who is an old-time and present friend.

Dr. Charles A. Leale, Chairman of the Committee of Instruction, spent the afternoon of Thursday in the class rooms. He had a pleasant greeting and an encouraging word for all.

Western New York.

"Friends in this world of hurry and work and sudden end, If a thought comes quickly of doing a kindness to a friend, Do it that very minute. Don't wait For what's the use of doing it, if we're a day too late."

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Leary called on Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Thompson, in Hunts, N. Y., a few weeks ago.

Mr. Claude Colgrove, formerly of Homell, N. Y., has obtained a position as finisher at the cutlery works in Perry. He thinks Perry is a pretty town.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jacob E. Gramlich, of Buffalo, a girl September 1st. The latter is a daughter of Mr. August Kowald. Congratulations.

Smiles lead you back to your youth; tears drag you onward to old age. It takes no more time to laugh than to weep.

Mr. August Kowald, well known by the deaf as ladies' pattern and shoe cutter in Auburn, N. Y., made Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Stowell a visit, en route to Buffalo last week. Success never comes to the man who is watching the clock for fear he might work overtime.

Mr. Charles W. Stowell is in Fredonia, N. Y., now, working in her brother's grape vines, and will be gone a few weeks. She says, every time a married man has to pay a dressmaker's or milliner's bill he wonders if Adam knew a good thing when he had it.

Rev. Franklin C. Smielan, of Williamsport, Pa., spent a portion of his summer vacation in Silver Lake, and also the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Stowell. Rev. Smielan hooked some fish and enjoyed sailing on the silvery lake when the moon shone. Pickerel are biting and many fine strings have been taken lately.

A hen that carries from \$1 to \$2 a year beyond the cost of her keep, is a useful member of the home community. There are some that will do it in every flock. For winter layers, the best months for hatching are February, March, April and May; omit June and July, and hatch again in October for spring and summer layers.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Frigheit last week entertained a house party of their friends, all of whom are deaf mutes. The occasion was a most enjoyable one. Among those who were present were C. A. Colgrove, of Perry; Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Stowell of Silver Lake; Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Thompson, of Hunts; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Denell, of Alabama; Mr. and Mrs. H. Leary, of Perry; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hookstahl, of Rochester, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henry, of Le Roy. On Sunday the party went to Silver Lake, where they spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Stowell. *Le Roy Gazette.*

Perry adds a mute to the population lately, by the name of Calvin E. Clair, of Alfred, N. Y. He secured a job at the Robeson Cutlery Works. He is a graduate of the New York Institution twenty-five years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Browning, of Byron Center, were called to Perry to see the latter's mother, who has been sick for a long time. At this writing she is some better.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Miss Pearl Seekins, who has been employed at the Institution in this city for the past few years, leaves this week, for Rome, N. Y., where she has secured a good position at the Institution for the Deaf there.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood, who recently visited Syracuse, also took a trip from Syracuse to Auburn, and visited several friends.

Mrs. George Davis also spent a few days at Syracuse recently, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens formerly of Rochester.

Taylor Brower, of Sodas Point, was a visitor in the city, Sunday, and attended Rev. Smielan's service at St. Mark's.

Rev. F. Smielan comes to Rochester again on the 24th of this month, and holds service at St. Luke's on the 28th. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Smielan. They will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Timmerman for a week. Mrs. Smielan is getting popular with the deaf here, who will be glad to see her again.

Miss Nanna Keller, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Keller, has entered the Genesee Normal School at Lima, from which school she hopes to graduate in a couple of years. The family formerly lived in Newark, N. Y.

Mr. Ira D. Todd visited the State Fair at Syracuse last month, and was a guest of Harold Holmes up to last June, a pupil at the School here.

The marriage of Miss Amy Cook and Mr. John Bews, both of Geneva, takes place October 10th. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. F. C. Smielan. Both are former pupils of the Rochester school.

Mr. L. Pulver went to Buffalo last Sunday, where, by appointment he met Mr. Fred. Lloyd of Sidney, who had taken advantage of an excursion from Sidney to Buffalo. They both had an enjoyable time.

Mrs. Albert Hookstahl spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Thompson, of Hunt, N. Y.

Miss Eva Sullivan spent Sunday with her parents at Fairport.

Miss Olga Crane, a graduate of the Rochester school, was married at her home in Geneva, on the 3d inst., to Mr. William Tift, a hearing gentleman of this city.

Rev. Smielan was entertained at dinner on the 1st inst., by Rev. E. Hart.

There will be a meeting of the Rochester alumni, Friday evening, October 12th, at the Institution. A full attendance is requested.

ROCHESTERIAN.

October 7, 1906.

Clay Puzzles.

The reason for the plasticity of certain kinds of earths was long a mystery, and only recently has it been ascertained that ball clays, the best of which are used by sculptors because they respond most readily to forming and molding, owe their peculiar property to the fact that they contain numerous tiny particles that soften and become sticky under the action of water. These particles themselves hold much water, concealed in a porous structure too fine to be discerned even with a powerful microscope.

It has been found that if masses of clay which have been worked with water to a pasty dough are allowed to remain undisturbed in that condition for some months, there is a notable increase in the plasticity and binding power of the material. The process is known as "tempering," or "ripening"; but not until recently has it been known that the effect described is due to a gradual softening of the sticky particles mentioned.

By soaking the clay in a dilute solution of tannic acid its binding power and plasticity are much increased, and the same effect has been produced by the use of infusions of dried leaves and straw (a process called "Egyptianizing," in remembrance of the method of brick-making employed under the Pharaohs); but why this should be the case nobody can tell.

Certain clays have the power to remove coloring matter from solutions by actually adhering to the fine particles held in suspension and "sweeping" them away. These are known as "fuller's earths," and are much used as clarifying and bleaching agents. Usually they are grayish-green, greasy to the touch, and if placed on the tongue appear to melt. Why they act as they do is another of the clay puzzles that has not been solved.

We import annually something like one hundred and seventy thousand long tons of clays, valued at one million six hundred thousand dollars, which are more suitable for certain purposes than any now produced in this country; but it is believed that we possess deposits equally good, and that some day the importation of such expensive clays will cease.

Various clays are adapted to different uses. There are china-clays, ball clays (which are the extremely plastic ones), stoneware clays, pipe-clays and brick-clays. China-clays burn white and mixed with ball clay and quartz are used in the manufacture of porcelain and other forms of white ware. In the manufacture of high-grade pottery, clays are ground fine, washed, and sifted to reduce them to an even and uniform texture. But in general these earths differ so much in their properties that in nearly all manufactured articles of such material at least three clays are molded into a mixture, so that the substance may combine plasticity and other useful qualities—*Rene Bache.*

Ticket for Two.

The San Francisco *Argonaut* affirms that a reporter of the New York *World* went out on the street one afternoon, looking for "space." He got it. This is it: A mite of a boy, with neatly patched knickerbockers and a pinched look that comes from want of nourishing food, plucked at the sleeve of George Kingsbury, manager of the Hippodrome, yesterday afternoon. "Say, mister, are you Mr. Dundy?" he inquired, hesitantly. "No, son," replied the busy manager; "what do you want?"

"I want a seat for Granny down where de big bugs sit, an' one for meself up in de peanut gallery, but de guy in de cage won't sell 'em—says I'm toutin' for de specs on de walk. Oh, I've got de mazzuma all right," he added, diving into a pocket and bringing out a handful of coppers, nickels, and dimes.

Mr. Kingsbury was interested, and drawing the lad out, found that his name was Jimmy King, and that he lived in Harlem when he wasn't selling papers on Broadway.

"You see, it's dis way," he explained; "Granny, she's old an' sick and takes care o' me, an' I t'ought it would cheer her up to see

the elephants an' tiger an' Marco-line an' things at the Hip, an' so I saves me spare cash since New Year's. Here it is—\$2.50 for Granny's seat an' fifty cents for me own. But the guy in 'the cage—"

Mr. Dundy had come out from his office and heard the unvarnished tale.

"Give the boy a loge box," he told Mr. Kingsbury, "and tell him to take his money and buy his granny something she needs."

It didn't dawn on Jimmy all at once, but finally he was made to understand, and with the box coupons tightly clutched in his first, he choked, muttered incoherent thanks, and disappeared.

Every seat and every box in the great auditorium was occupied last night—except Jimmy's loge. Mr. Dundy noted the fact.

"Fooled again," he sighed.

Fifteen minutes later a newsboy handed to an usher a crumpled note addressed to Mr. Dundy. On it was scrawled in pencil: "We can't come 'granny died to-night." "Don't sell that box for this performance," Mr. Dundy ordered.

The Cause

Cautious Customer—But if he is a young horse, why do his knees bend so?

Dealer—Well, sir, to tell the honest truth, the poor animal 'as bin living in a stable as was too low for 'im, and 'e's 'ad to stoop.—*London Tit-Bits.*

ADDRESS WANTED.

A. S. Howard's address is desired by T. I. Lounsbury, 204 East 59th Street, New York City.

Hallowe'en Social

New Fashioned games at Hallowe'en Social, to be held at the club rooms of the Brooklyn Club, 1153 Myrtle Avenue, Corner Broadway, Brooklyn, on Saturday, October 27th, 1907.

At 7 P.M., Pool Tournament Match—Taylor vs. Hayden.
At 9 P.M., Various games.

Admission, 25 cents, including refreshments. Broadway and Myrtle trolley cars pass the hall.

THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

desires to entertain the Convention of the N. A. D., to be held in or about 1910.

We guarantee a welcome and a good time second to none in the past, and hard to beat in the future, and shall be backed by a fund of one thousand dollars, not counting receipts from sale of banquet tickets, concessions, etc.

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To reach the Hall—Take Subway to 42d Street Station (Times Square). Ninth Avenue Elevated to 42d Street. Take trolley lines that give cross-town (42d Street) or Eighth Avenue transfers.

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Saturday Evening, December 1, 1906

[Particulars Later.]

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Saturday Evening, Jan. 5, 1907

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Music by Our Favorite.

Directions to reach the Hall.—From Brooklyn Bridge: Ridgewood "L" to Knickerbocker Avenue Station; from Williamsburgh Bridge and Broadway Ferry: Any Broadway trolley to Myrtle Avenue, then transfer to Knickerbocker Avenue, via Myrtle Avenue trolley.

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under the auspices of the

BROOKLYN GUILD

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Wednesday evening, October 31, 1906,

at 8 o'clock

New games, and handsome presents will be given to the winners. Door opens at 7:30 o'clock.

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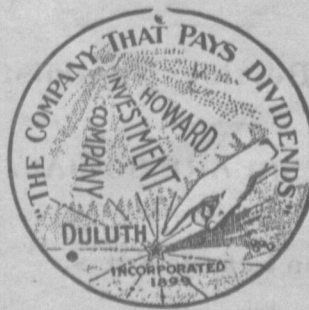
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